

Clash

Marcel Ray Duriez

1

Dear Diary, I'm so frightened, I can hardly hold this pen. I'm printing rather than writing in cursive because that way I have more control.

What am I terrified of; you ask?

HER!

You can see how shaky even my printing is. Suppose my hands shake like this when I go in to see the other girl.

I'm being selfish, I know, in just talking about what's going...

'My brain is slow this time of day.'

He stood by the window and sipped his coffee. The view over the not so spectacular- was feeling just as dead as him on the inside.

Just about enough of it all. I've had just about enough!

Enough of this place and simply cannot take it any longer, it was time to go and see her.

I look around me and see gray walls of concrete covering the entire perimeter of the room.

An iron-wired bunk bed occupies the far-left corner of the room with one white pillow and a white blanket on the top bunk.

On the top right of the wall is a window. It's the only light aside from the brightness of the white linens; the only connection to the outside world. I would try to use the window to escape, but they put up bars to prevent that from happening.

Again... right now, I am sitting on the cemented bench by the wooden door across from the bed, staring at the wall. The room, in general, is cold, damp, and dark, but it is better than what I use to call home.

Aside from that, I just cannot take it any longer, but, honestly, what can I do? I have tried..., only to fill.

Once- I even tried dressing up as one of the guards, but I was caught and the result...was not at all a pretty sight.

I never imagined getting lost inside my head. There are always stories about those that can't get away. But I was always one of those who could. I could escape and live again, but my mother had warned me that one day, I might not come back. I should have the list listened to her warning. It started just like any other. I pushed through the darkness, sure that I would come

back. I watched the nightmares flow past and laughed at their fear.

A chill suddenly ran down my spine that made me feel like I was about to die. That draws my attention to only one thought was her.

There was a fight last night with my wife I knew- she didn't- I get it- she did not. (her plan to kill me... I did not know) I get into my car 1953 Chevy in the color of green, dread for the long trip I have to make, it a job that I must have or I lost everything and also to see my younger girl over the way that the wife-ie knows about as of last night... it's time to go- the moonlight my way. The kiss there her problem now- I have a

2nd family over in Ca. I live in Cresson Pa, where
what is- like- under the ground in more
substantial than what is above it.

I hear the worrying of the old motor-
the car is only 5 years old but has seen lots of this
trips 45 if you well over and back to get it in and
out. The trip started nice and slow- like they all do
I have made this lots of times as I said, my woman
no's this too- she knows all about me yet nothing
about me. We see me the man behind the wall,
looking for his young lost to be there at the end
of this trip, and also for a new life- where she
doesn't blow everything- and shove it in my face.

On the highway, the music starts to flow out- I
hum to it.

2

I make the pass around car's- like you
do on the road when on a deadline... funded line-
I think that now. Like roadkill in- between the
yellow lines! Sights- sounds- flying by doing 40.
Town's- homes- life going by- in a haze- as the sun
comes up over the hilltops.

Trees- bending over to as the car
rushes by them. The wind in his hair, with it
down- he was loving life... not his wife!

F-U he said looking at the photos! See the wheels spinning in the stop and go... one hand on the wheel- sunglasses is now in his middle age head. The black hair- dyed and slicked back... like a mid-life circus ass hole- that was trying to get young ass in his pants- and that he did- he scored a hot young thing only 15.

The same age as his little girl at home... sick they said.

Yet it did not matter to him.

Between two hills the game started, going up the grade... the truck was pulling a boxcar. Big have- hauling ass!

Rooommmmm!

3

The Jake brake was letting it all out to slow for me! The clash was on! Looking at the time on the dash- it's now 9 am. which was 8:59 on his hand which and that was pissing him off that it was not right for the other- I need to change that he said. Looking at the speedometer the man sees the speed up taking place... the first pass was made by me 'this man is killing me- I have to get there on time- to- to see- see my baby and have a job- my- my boss is going to- kill my ass if not!'

The truck big red, 32 headlights- big
mean grill- coming for me- and piss-ie- as it runs
me off the road some- and this game was like this
for 5 miles! Back and forth this went smashing
into me... bumper-to-bumper- hit- kicking and
pulling on my old sheet metal!

4

Grinding and twisting,

jerking and twitching! Pressing down
on my left foot on the gas- fast- fast- I say- he
wants to KILL me! I saw it in the eyes behind me
now, that he is chasing me down- wanting me to
pass- yet if I do pass- and get in front he was to

make me the 8 ball- on the pool table. 18 wells in
my face kicking rocks and dust! Cracking the
glass- of my car- what does he want with me?
Doing 120- now I have to be- I look and see 124. I
see the smoky-ness out of the two pipes- just
spewing blackness in the air- a joke he was me to
breathe in!

The train next to us- is not even
keeping up at this point it was on the run to the
whole time- back and forth.

3 lane highway- with big dips and
twists- I rack with- him and this car- over and
over- his not caring about anything- only doing
the job and that is doing me in- I hear him say- to

a woman on the phone when I stop to take a piss
at this café 2 miles back. Getting gas and the man
clawing all over my car trying to find money to be
made- he said I need a new belt- it's gonna snap-
in less than 50 mils.

5

'Yah- Yah- Yah- if you say so!' The
train is coming and this truck keeps easing me
onto the tracks... the car is hitting some on the
one side... yet I get away going behind the last
train car as the gate lifted some- he could not yet,
I got ahead some and the dance start yet again-
playing with me toying- if you well with my mind-

asking me to pass and him- back and forth the game went for a night!

I got out at one point saying- 'just run me over!' That is what he wanted me to do- yet, that was not fun for this man- it was not enough he wanted me as road kill- the gears groaned- for him to star the movie on me standing there- my woman did this he said, it must have been played for him to do this with this souped-up diesel... it was going to be long and slow... all plant- the truck races from me as I scream profanities, he's doing 150- and the brakes come on just missing me head on by an inch or so... he said to get in the car- and duel me for your life!

Always risky to pass- he even said to
and I did and the oncoming car- hit me some-
knocking me in the dirt and dust. Yet dust is all
around in Ca, I ran over a cactus...?

6

He said confused... mouth bleeding
and head thumping- his wife photo falling in his
lap- like it was telling him something. I see the
train over there blowing its horn at the drive of
this 1920's 18wheeler is he in on it too?

I questioned...?

Yes- Yes- Yes- it all for me to die! The
road now is dart- gate put up I have no clue

where I am at- so off my pathway that I know so well, the seat belt cutting into me as he makes another hit on the ass end of my car.

The belt on the fan goes pud- pud- pud- I lose of freaking mind- the truck keeps creeping in on me slow like playing- tap- tap- tapping me up the hill- on this death road with no side rails.

And there is the train- coming on to us as I land on the cross tracks- is it going to be me or him that get hit? The train is coming, I see it out the side window- and it was lights out for me- grinding me out!

Yes- Yes- Yes- my loving wife- my
sweet- wife was the one, that did this... And this is
me saying the story the wife- the story of me
saying that- I got you- baby!

Rot in hell! I'll sleep with the guy in
the truck now! The car went over the cliff next to
the viaduct the train was nearing... and it all
ended in an explosion!

Dear Diary- I never thought this would
be the last thing I would say.

The End